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wards, eyes, hands, souls are lifted; slowly, surely, irresistibly they mount, they mount to where the Saviour awaits them, and gradually as they emerge from the vapors of blood, and fire, and smoke, to where "the light of His countenance" gleams on them, their faces change and calm, and grow serene, hopeful, satisfied, radiant; and among archangels and all the host of heaven they learn the meaning of the words, "When death shall be swallowed up in victory." Such is the plan of *Les Doleurs de la Terre*, one of the greatest pictures ever imagined by man.

No less than three new processes of electrotyping have been discovered in France during the last half-year. One of these is that of M. M. Christofi and Bouillet, intended to give strength to the finished article. It is accomplished by leaving an opening in the back of the thin electrotype shell, through which opening numerous small pieces of brass are introduced, which are then fused by means of an oxyhydrogen blast, and thus the melted mass is diffused over the whole interior surface of the copper shell, imparting to it a degree of strength equal to iron. Another consists in the substitution of platinum for copper, and making of a rough skeleton figure resembling the cast intended to be imitated, and by this means the inventor asserts that he can produce busts, statues, and other works of art in full relief by a single operation. A third process is for coating iron with copper to any thickness required, avoiding the use of the cyanide bath, a medium which is not only very dangerous, but quite expensive. In addition to these reported improvements in the art, the French chemists are experimenting on the availability of the new metal, aluminum, for electrotype purposes. This brilliant metal has not yet been produced with sufficient cheapness to compete with silver; but its specific gravity is so much less than silver that an ounce of aluminum foil will cover many times the surface that would be covered by an ounce of silver foil.

—♦♦♦—
 "Thought is deeper than all speech;
 Feeling deeper than all thought.
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.

"We are spirits clad in veils;
 Man by man was never seen:
 All our deep communing fails
 To remove the shadowy screen."

DOMESTIC ART ITEMS AND GOSSIP.

MONG the opening features of the season must be classed the Artists' excursion over the Baltimore and Ohio Railway in the early part of June. About twenty artists were favored with an invitation to trip it over the road, from Baltimore to Wheeling, on a special train, stopping for sketches and photographic views where they pleased. The courtesy was a most generous one on the part of the officers of the road, and we think will not be without a more material return than the usual "vote of thanks," generally supposed to pay for all general and particular gratuities. To show how things were done, we quote from a correspondent whose good fortune it was to have been on that "train":—"The train consisted of a beautiful engine, dressed with gay flags; a kitchen car, in which every nook and corner was piled with things that would delight the inner man; a dining-saloon; a parlor car, containing the requisite of one of Knabe & Co.'s best pianos, two dressing cars, containing sofas, lounges, writing-desks, &c.; a car expressly fitted up for photographic purposes; and last, but not least, a smoking car, thus making a considerable show of a train."

The *Baltimore Sun* of June 7th, says: "The party, after a most thorough and satisfactory trip of four days, reached Wheeling on Friday afternoon. Messrs. Kensett, Gourlie, and Suydam, of New-York, and Beard and Fosdick, of Cincinnati, and several others, left Wheeling for St. Louis by the Central Ohio and Ohio and Mississippi road, whose officers kindly offered the free use of their lines. Messrs. Strother and Durand stopped at Berkeley Springs on their return, and Mr. Hitchcock remains on the road for some ten days to take elaborate pencil views for the *Illustrated London News* and *Harper's Weekly*.

"The rest of the party returned to Baltimore on Saturday, including the following gentlemen: Messrs. Rossiter, Hicks, Lang, Ehninger, Mignot, Mayer, Willis and Thayer, and Messrs. G. W. Dobbin, Chas. Gillou, Wm. E. Bartlett and Robt. O'Neil, photographers. More than one hundred excellent photographic views were taken by the several operators, who had four sets of approved apparatus of

their own in full play. Pencil sketches of various scenes were also taken, and the full length portrait of the road will no doubt be duly painted and engraved in all the many styles of modern art."

We shall, therefore, have much of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad scenery in the coming winter's work.

The anticipated arrival at New Haven, of the antiques (copies) furnished by the late lamented sculptor Bartholomew (of whom we speak elsewhere) for the Sino-nian Society of Yale College, induced the gathering of art works in New Haven and vicinity for an Art Exhibition. The whole thing was a great success, both in the literary exercises attendant upon the opening, and in the character and number of works brought together. A correspondent thus refers to these latter:

"In all there are in the neighborhood of 200 paintings—their aggregate value is at least \$75,000. The north side of the hall is almost exclusively occupied with works by the old masters; a portion of course being copies. The largest of these is claimed to be an original by Murillo. It was sent from Spain to the Cathedral of Mexico, where it occupied a place above the High Altar. It was purchased by its present owner, D. W. Coit, Esq., of Norwich, during the occupancy of Mexico by the United States troops. This is flanked on the right and left by copies of Raphael's St. John, and a Madonna and child, St. Elizabeth and St. John, by Murillo. This, as well as an exquisite piece by Schidone, are the property of Joseph Sampson, Esq., of New-York. Another Murillo, the 'Teaching of St. John,' was purchased by D. W. Coit, Esq., during the revolutions in Lima, in 1823-4. Prof. Salisbury exhibits copies from Raphael, Salvator Rosa, Michael Angelo, &c. A 'Madonna and Child' exhibited by him, is attributed to Lord Caracci by a certificate of the Academy of the Fine Arts, at the Bologne. Claude Lorraine, Andrew del Sarto, Titian, Rubens, and others of the old masters, are represented by copies. H. E. Pierrepont, Esq., of Brooklyn, exhibits a marine view of the 'Mouth of the Thames,' by Stanfield. H. Barber, of Amenias, N. Y., contributes an interesting portrait of Oliver Cromwell, claimed to be original. It was presented by the Duke of Newcastle to the father of the present owner. This picture occupies a place on the south wall, which is principally occupied by works of modern mas-

ters. Mr. Belmont presents a *Moonlight View*, by Achenbach, and a *Marine View*, by Meyer. Then come works by American artists. White's 'First Thanksgiving in New-England,' representing Elder Brewster as invoking a blessing on the frugal repast, around which his family are assembled. Huntington's 'Child's first Lesson in Charity;' Durand's 'Morning and Evening of Life;' Portraits, by Copley and Stuart; 'Family Devotions,' by Rosseter, &c. Nearly all the prominent American artists are represented. Some of the cabinet pictures grouped around the windows are esteemed particularly valuable. Dr. Berresford, of Hartford, exhibits a number of original paintings by Flemish and Dutch artists. The statuary is one of the most important features of the exhibition. The most valuable piece is 'Abdiel,' by Greenough. It is the property of Prof. Salisbury, and has never before been exhibited publicly. Opposite it is a figure of Aristides, copied from an antique in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. There are busts of Homer, Cicero, and Demosthenes, cut by Crawford during the first year of his residence in Rome."

If these gatherings could be more frequent they would greatly advance art-taste throughout the country. Most of our cities, of ten thousand and upward inhabitants, have the material for good exhibitions; and it needs but a little industry on the part of a responsible committee in each place, to give the public a yearly art-benefit. Why can it not be?

Williams & Stevens, of New-York, have on exhibition a number of colored fac-similes of the famous pictures bequeathed by Turner, the great English artist, to the British nation, and known as the Turner Legacy. A very good idea of the style of this remarkable genius can be obtained from these copies. His gorgeous coloring, and confused but still great effects, are admirably reproduced.

A copy in water-colors of Sir Edwin Landseer's picture from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is also to be seen at the same place, and merits attention. Titania is represented fondling Bottom, garlanding his ass's head with flowers, while Puck is gloating maliciously over his work, and Cobweb, Mustardseed, Peasblossom and Moth are sporting near. The delicate fancy, the exquisite humor, the charming grace of drawing, and appropriateness of coloring in this copy, are quite remarkable; the theme is, from its nature, ex-

tre mely difficult to handle, but the artist has succeeded in embodying even such subtle and ethereal imaginings as those of Shakspeare in his most poetic moments; he has caught something of the spirit of his original, and represents the scene and the characters so as not to interfere with one's notions of Titania and Puck, and the attendant fairies. This is high praise, but it is deserved. The work is engraved in the highest style of the engraver's art, and offers a rare opportunity for the lovers of good engravings and exquisite pictures to secure something which will always command attention.

A letter in the *Newark Daily* states that Mr. Hart's marble memorial of Mr. Clay, for the ladies of Virginia, is in progress, and will probably be completed during the year. The same artist is occupied on the model for a colossal bronze figure of Mr. C. for the city of New-Orleans. Mr. Jefferson is also being commemorated in marble for the State of Virginia, by a young sculptor—Mr. Galt. Harvard University has secured another of Powers' busts—that of Mr. Jared Sparks, late President, now nearly ready for delivery.

A writer in the *Trumpet* thus speaks of the Ethan Allen monument and its artist: "While at Brattleboro', on Friday, 25th of June, we asked permission to see the statue of Ethan Allen, which is being made by a young artist, Mr. Larkin Mead. This is the young man who surprised the citizens of Brattleboro' a year or two since, by converting a bank of snow into a colossal statue of the recording angel. It was done in the night of the 31st of December, and the angel was represented as finishing the record of the preceding year. The young artist was called to cut it in marble, which he afterwards did, and it adorned for a time the National Capitol. He evinces talents of a high order. His model for the Allen statue is a grand conception. It fitted precisely our idea of Allen. It seemed to be complete. The right arm is uplifted, his eye is fixed, and we almost expect to hear the clay cry out: 'In the name of God and the Continental Congress.' We think the statue will be a great success."

Powers' colossal Webster, recently lost on the voyage to Boston, is now in course of reproduction from the original model at the bronze foundry in Florence. The process will require at least another twelve-month, and the character of the founder warrants the hope that the second

cast will be quite equal to the first, which would leave nothing to desire.

Wm. B. Astor has bought Powers's statue called "California," for the sum of \$7,500, and the Hon. Hamilton Fish has bought a third duplicate of the same artist's "Fisher Boy," for the sum of \$1,000.

The COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION hoped to secure something from Mr. Powers for the coming Award to its subscribers, but was disappointed. It will probably have one of Mr. Powers' best works in its sixth year's collection.

Those interested in the author of "Home, Sweet Home" (and who is not?) will be pleased to learn that an appropriate monument is to be erected to his memory in Boston. The *Transcript* of that city, says:

"Stevenson, the talented Boston sculptor, has designed a very beautiful monument to the memory of John Howard Payne, the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' the model of which in clay may be seen at his studio, No. 195 Tremont-street. It is an allegorical monument, typical of the character and profession of the deceased. A kneeling figure—the Goddess of Poetry and Music—with an averted face and an air of sorrow, holds in her right hand a wreath which she has taken from her head, and is about to deposit upon the tomb of Payne. In her left hand she sustains a harp. Around the base are laurel wreaths, and at each corner are masks, symbolic of the profession of Payne. The figure is a beautiful design, and the attitude is touching and graceful. It is to rest upon a pedestal with emblematic tablets."

The learned name of Xulopyrography—hot-wood drawing—has been recently applied to what, in humbler phrase, is called poker-painting. When a hot iron is applied to the surface of wood, it chars or scorches the wood whenever it touches; and if the operator possesses artistic taste, he can so manage these charred lines as to give them a pictorial arrangement. Copies from the most celebrated pictures, and other subjects, have been thus produced with much boldness of effect. The production of designs by pressure depends upon a peculiar circumstance; if wood be pressed by suitable instruments, it does not recover its original evenness of surface, until it has been steeped in water. The artist produces a sort of design on wood, by strong pressure in particular parts; he planes down the protuberant

portions, and then soaks the whole in water; this brings up the pressed or hardened lines, which thereafter stand up as a sort of bas-relief. It is impossible, however, to produce such effectual results by this as by the charring process.

A leading journal of New-York published recently a synopsis of Mr. Kellogg's pamphlet reflecting upon Hiram Powers, the sculptor. In so doing the said journal was *unjust*. To give circulation to *one side* of a story, without comment or exception, is not according to the proprieties or the integrity of journalism. There is, we learn, another view of the case, another series of facts, another *argumentum ad hominem*; but Mr. Powers, thus far, has chosen to exercise forbearance, probably for excellent reasons; and his friends, though not without the materials of defence against this plausible and gratuitous attack, will not anticipate his action in the premises. Meantime, common justice and courtesy demand, at least, that those who feel any interest in this noble artist's welfare and character should "hold their judgment in suspense."

A monument is to be erected to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth—cost from \$300,000 to \$400,000. It will be built of granite, 153 feet high, 80 feet at the base, with sitting figures from 38 to 70 feet high. It is to be completed in 12 years from August, 1856. Thirty-six thousand dollars have been subscribed, principally in Massachusetts. The society for building the monument have purchased all the estates immediately around the veritable rock, and also a site for the monument, embracing ten acres of land, commanding a fine view of the harbor and the locality of the rock.

Ball Hughes has recently completed a very spirited statuette of General Warren, which is in possession of Josiah Quincy, Sen., of Boston.

Miss Louisa Lander, the young sculptor of Salem, returns to Rome, to execute orders which she has received for several busts. She is to make one of Peter Cooper, of New-York.

An effort is made in Hartford to raise \$5,000, to purchase the works of Bartholomew, the sculptor, pay off all his debts, and have something left for the widow. Col. Samuel Colt has subscribed \$500, and several others \$150 and \$100 each. It is to be hoped that this most commendable movement may meet with success, and accomplish its honorable purposes.

OUR ARTISTS AND THEIR WHEREABOUTS.



ARTISTS generally have gone into summer quarters—north, south, east, and west, like birds of capricious flight, as they are; one season taking refuge in Maine and the Canadas, and the next plunging boldly into the tropics. It is said a good newspaper reporter will "go in" for a row, just for an item, bound to get up an *interesting* paper. So of the true artist: he will risk body and brains in his pursuit of a good sketch. Many are the adventures some of our successful painters tell in connection with their pictures—every canvas, indeed, having some interesting bit of history attached to it, which the purchaser of the work should be sure to secure. This pride of profession is a noble sentiment, when it leads the artist to emulation of the best who have honored the calling—when it impels him to study in field and wood, on sea and land, wherever a new thought is to be gleaned, a new feature of Nature to be caught; and he may be regarded as the truest art-devotee who studies Nature most. Our painters are realizing this more and more: and, when the *stampede* to the country for study is made one of the *requisites* of his profession, then we shall see an American School of Art assuming a clearly defined shape. This country of ours possesses sublime compositions direct from the Creator's hand; and when our painters learn to catch the spirit and majesty of these divine works, then shall we see works as noble as any of the generations have ever known.

Jesse Talbot, who does not often obtrude upon the public now-a-days, for the reason that most of his time is given to the large pictures spoken of in our previous issue, has just finished a very richly colored and finely conceived work, called the "Indian's Last Gaze." An Indian is seated upon a rock, projecting boldly from the steep mountain side, gazing down upon the sun, just fading in the west. The figure is forcibly drawn, and imposingly disposed; while the distance below him, and the splendor of the sunset, give a strange solemnity to the scene. That Mr. Talbot's early grace and power are

still vigorous, is pleasingly evident in this fine picture.

Mr. Tait has gone to the wild woods and trout lakes of Northern New-York, where trout-fishing, deer-stalking, with occasional bear-fights and moose-running, give the hunter plenty of sport, and the painter plenty of use for crayon and canvas. Mr. Tait will be absent until the frosts of October drive him home.

William Hart pays a visit to the rugged beauty of Maine, where he will study water, and rocks, and forest vegetation, in their noblest aspects. We may at least look for some splendid portfolio sketches.

James Hart has gone into the Housatonic region, to rusticate and sketch among the hills and valleys of that beautiful region.

Sonntag remains in town, busy with his many commissions. He will remain in this country until next summer, when, with his family, he will "emigrate" to Italy, for a permanent residence. He proposes to devote his life there to his art, and has it in his mind's intent to produce greater works than have yet come from his hands.

Mrs. Spencer is at her new studio, in Newark, New-Jersey, busy, as usual, with her inimitable delineations of the humorous side of life and character. She occupies the fine premises prepared by Lockwood, the artist, and in which he painted his big canvas. Few artists have warmer friends and better patrons than Mrs. Spencer.

Charles F. Blauvelt is in his new rooms, in Johnson's Building, in Tenth street. Mr. B. is fast attaining to a first class position, in his field of characterization. His "Warming Up," exhibited at the last Academy Exhibition, attracted much and deserved attention. His grouping and attitudes are always fine, while his detail does not fail to tell a whole story. His "Counterfeit Bill," painted to be engraved in London, is one of the best pictures of its kind ever done in this country.

S. P. Tracy is one of our promising animal and pastoral painters. His late pieces show fine drawing, clear coloring, and happy *meaning*—what cannot be said of all animal painting, which too frequently are animals, and nothing more. We shall watch Mr. Tracy's progress with interest; and, in the meantime, commend to him all who want good paintings in his line. Studio, 600 Broadway, New-York.